

## BARRE DAILY TIMES

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 Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

4,550

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

This from the staid old Boston Transcript: "Terrible shortage in sardine cans. Down in Maine they can wait their day and can no more, can they?"

Mrs. Eddy has earned the privilege of living in peace and quietness the rest of her days. Let's hope friends and "next friends" will pay her the respect due her years.

It seems quite likely that a good many other items besides the presidential situation will be discussed at the meeting of the fish and game league next month.—Montpelier Journal.

The items that make up the dinner, for instance.

With an "Old Home Day" celebration and a Sunday school convention in progress at the same time, Williamstown was a lively place yesterday. Williamstown knows how to entertain, and everyone was made to feel at home.

The only consolation the New York Sun can get from President Roosevelt's Provincetown speech is the statement: "For the 18 months of my administration that remain" which is an indirect reiteration of the president's earlier statements that he should not be a candidate for re-election at the end of his present term.

"The rich men's panic in Wall street" has caused more than two thousand New Yorkers to sell their automobiles within the past two weeks, and almost as many more orders for new ones have been cancelled. This is hard lines for the average Manhattan citizen, but we would like to ask if the "panic" caused 2,000 people to sell, how did 2,000 other New Yorkers procure the means to purchase?

## CURRENT COMMENT.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure," wrote Tupper. That is true, even when the house is an executive mansion.—Boston Transcript.

A Case of Simplified Spelling. They talk of it as "immunity" when they are talking of it in connection with the Alton. They used to talk of it as "impunity" however, in connection with the Santa Fe.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. Bryan Inserts an "Ad." Stolen—Several Democratic policies belonging exclusively to Mr. Bryan, one wearing eye-glasses, and the other with a body as big as Falstaff, are suspected. Anyone giving information leading to recovery of the property will be rewarded. Address W. J. B. Lincoln, Nebraska.—Wall Street Journal.

It has often been a wonder to the news why so many "drunks" are allowed to give an assumed name in police court. At least it does not seem that much attention is given this feature in some of the courts. In Rutland for instance the other day it was found that a certain fellow had given an assumed name at two different times and thus escaped a second offense charge and the posting of his name in the licensed saloons. A representative of an Irish society in Barre, if the news is not mistaken, recently complained in print of the frequent cases of "drunks" giving an assumed Irish name in police court, when they were not of that nationality, thus doing a deep injustice to the Irish race. The correspondent very properly promised to expose any future cases of that kind.



## HULDAH SAYS:

"If you wish to avoid the dampness of the grass when you are using the lawn at night, why don't you buy the CREX Rugs? They are a sort of carpet matting that will stand awfully hard usage."

BUY THEM OF

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## TAKE IT COOL.

Not the drink necessarily, but the affairs of life. Join the Don't Worry Club and wear the Cobweb Underwear we offer now at 40c. Over this the Negligee Shirt we are selling at 50c, 1.00 and 1.50. Then the Outing Suit we have marked at \$10.00 worth \$15.00.



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kind which came to his knowledge. Prisoners should be obliged, as it seems to the news, to give their name under oath in every instance, and the matter should be carefully followed up to determine the truth of their statement. If, when it was found that there had been misrepresentation, prosecutions should follow for perjury and a few examples made of those who deliberately try to conceal their identity, the practice would be unsound. A man who gets hauled before a judge for drunkenness may not be much to blame for wishing to hide his name, but falsifying is a practice, nevertheless, that should be thoroughly discouraged.—Northfield News.

## As Usual.

Wall street has begun to exhibit almost the most tearful sympathy for the innocent bystander.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Wanted, an Amiable Scapegoat.

The trouble, perhaps, in sending a "prominent man" to jail is to find one that looks like an amiable goat.—Milwaukee Daily News.

## In Unexpected Quarters.

It is reported that even in Wall street this week there is a growing sentiment in favor of a government telegraph service.—Providence Evening Bulletin.

## BRYAN TO REPLY.

Takes Exception to Parts of Sec. Taft's Speech.

Rockford, Ill., Aug. 22.—W. J. Bryan, after delivering a Chautauqua address here Tuesday afternoon, said that he would probably reply to that part of Secretary Taft's Columbus speech in which the Bryan federal ownership of railroads was attacked. Commenting on the speech, Mr. Bryan said: "There are sections in the speech that should interest all, but those passages which related to myself I shall read over again, and, being a newspaper man, shall not give publicity to my reply until such time as I have had opportunity to print it in the Commoner. I shall take up Secretary Taft's allusions to myself, and then there will be something which may make interesting reading." Perhaps Mr. Bryan was not in a pleasant mood, for on his way here the baggage car of the Chicago & Northwestern train, in which he was riding, took the wrong track at Freeport line junction near Belvidere and the other cars crashed into it.

Mr. Bryan was obliged to walk a mile and a half to continue his journey on an electric car.

## ST. ALBANS ACCEPTS.

Will Shoot With Montpelier Gun Club, if at St. Albans.

St. Albans, Aug. 22.—The St. Albans Gun club has accepted the challenge of the Montpelier Gun club as issued in the Free Press of August 20th, provided the match be held at St. Albans, August 24, on the afternoon of that day.

## A Famous Book on the Stage.

That famous book of light reading, "The Toyman's" by Charles Felton Pidgin, the author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the best New England story ever written, has at last been arranged in the form of a musical comedy and put upon the stage by "The Jollities," a company of clever actors and actresses, singers and dancers, and it will be given at the opera house tonight.

There are only a few books of this kind which have enjoyed greater success, and it is only fair to assume that as a musical piece it will be equally successful. It includes twenty-six musical numbers by Charles D. Blake and John A. Bennett, and is bright and snappy from start to finish. The story revolves around a mechanical doll, brought to life by means of electricity, and the scene is laid in a typical old English toy-shop. The entire scenic outfit is carried by the company, and an elaborate production is promised.

## Reunion of 3rd Vermont.

St. Johnsbury, Aug. 22.—The 22nd annual meeting of the 3rd Vermont Reunion society will be held in G. A. R. hall here at 9:00 a. m., Tuesday, September 17. A business session will be held at 10:30 a. m. The address of the day will be delivered by the Rev. A. F. Welch, the son of a veteran, and will be followed by a universal experience meeting. The Woman's Relief Corps will dine the regiment as usual. The executive committee consists of Carlton Felch, Marshall Montgomery and J. A. Paddock. The secretary of the society is ex-Gov. Samuel E. Pingree of Hartford.

## JINGLES AND JESTS

Hooks and Eyes.  
 Sing a song of sliversticks,  
 White or blue or black;  
 Four and twenty hooks and eyes  
 That fasten up the back.  
 And the language father uses,  
 When clumsily he tries  
 To fasten mother's hooks,  
 Only opens mother's eyes.  
 —Harper's Weekly.

Strokes.  
 Butler—My master isn't able to see anyone. It's paralyzed.  
 Minister—Well, well! How many strokes has he had?  
 Butler—Fifteen, sir. Fifteen strokes. But he calls 'em cocktails.—Town Topics.

I WAS WITH BOOTH.  
 [With apologies to the memory of Bret Harte.]

"I was with Booth," the stranger said.  
 Said the actor: "Say no more.  
 It is not often that I'm misled,  
 I have seen your face before."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said.  
 Said the actor: "So was I.  
 So sit you down to my humble spread,  
 And a foaming mug I'll buy."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said.  
 Said the actor: "What a shame  
 That the master lies in the graveyard  
 dead,  
 And we are unknown to fame."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said.  
 Said the actor: "Would that we  
 Could again the stage so proudly tread  
 With artists such as he."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said.  
 Said the actor: "Never shall I  
 Forget those days through the years  
 long fled.  
 Drink up, for my throat is dry."

"I was with Booth," the stranger said.  
 "Do not interrupt me more,  
 'Twas Ballington I was with, not Ned,  
 The Salvation Army corps."  
 —Puck.

## Class Distinctions.

"So you find there are class distinctions among the millionaires?"  
 "Oh, yes; we find in our school that the daughter of a millionaire who made his money in refined sugar will not speak to the daughter of a man who got his millions from crude oil.—Baltimore American.

## A Convincing Plea.

In Alabama they tell to this day a story to illustrate Senator Morgan's ability as an advocate.

A negro of well-known thieving propensities was on trial for stealing a mule. Morgan defended and cleared him. As lawyer and client were walking out of the court room Mr. Morgan said: "Rastus, did you steal the mule?"

"Well, Marster Morgan, it was just like this: I really thought I did steal dat mule, but after what you said to the jury I was convince' I didn't."—Rochester Herald.

## A Well-Informed Woman.

A woman who is trying to "climb" into Washington society attended a recent reception at the house of Mrs. Taft. The crowd was so great that guests were hurried along the line of the receiving party with merely a handshake with the wife of the secretary of war. The "climber," with determination written on her face, finally pushed her way up to her hostess and paused long enough to say: "How do you do, Mrs. Taft?" adding with a very impressive manner, "I've heard of your husband."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## His Library.

Winthrop E. Stone, president of Purdue University, in an address on Lafayette, said of ignorance: "Ignorance makes all it touches ridiculous. Nothing, not even culture, is immune to its attacks. Did you ever hear of the ignorant millionaire's library?" "Well, there was a millionaire, a cattle man, who had a visitor into a great room lined with thousands of volumes. "See them books," he said. "Yes," said the visitor. "They're all bound in calf, ain't they?" "Yes," the visitor agreed; "they seem to have a uniform calf binding." "The millionaire chuckled proudly. "Well, sir," he said, "I killed all them calves myself."—Washington Post.

## FIRE INSURANCE

The *Extra* Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., is represented in this Agency.

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## MONTPELIER

M. E. Smiley, county clerk, has returned from an outing at Watch Hill, R. I.

Miss Gladys Molver is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Biard, her grandparents, in Waltham.

Judge and Mrs. John H. Watson left yesterday morning for a trip of ten days to Montreal, Three River and Quebec.

Dr. and Mrs. D. E. McGillicray of Port Angeles, Wash., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lane, parents of Mrs. McGillicray.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor of Moretown have purchased the house on Hubbard street formerly owned by the Misses Fisk and are to move to this city to reside.

David Spicer had one eye badly injured Tuesday afternoon by a stone chip while working at the sheds of Diloh & Haley. The eyeball was badly lacerated but it is hoped the sight of the eye is not permanently injured.

United States Senator and Mrs. Guggenheimer of Colorado passed through Montpelier yesterday in a \$15,000 French touring car. Senator Guggenheimer is worth several million dollars, and a lot more. Out in Colorado the word Guggenheimer spells, smells and tastes of money and everything not chained down belongs either to the senator or his brothers. In fact, it is said that the Guggenheimer family control more money, stocks, bonds and copper and gold mines than any other family in the world, which is going some, for Rockefeller and Harriman don't belong to the minor league class. Out in Colorado the miners swear by the whole family and have reason to, for they do all the paying out as well as all the taking in.

## TELEGRAMS SENT BY MAIL.

No Federal Law to Prevent Te-Stalking Telegrams Can't Prosecute.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 22.—It is not illegal to send telegrams through the mail. That is the statement made today by U. S. Attorney Lyman M. Bass. Efforts were made by the striking telegraphers to bring the managements of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies into court for receiving messages at the regular telegraph rates and sending them through by mail. Mr. Bass said that there is no federal law to cover the case, therefore no prosecution could be brought in the federal courts.

## AFTER FORTY.

Swift was fifty-nine when his brain gave birth to "Gulliver's Travels."

Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" were written when he was forty-six.

George Eliot was near her fiftieth year when she wrote "Middlemarch," and this was succeeded by "Daniel Deronda."

Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha" at forty-eight, and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us "Songs in Many Keys" when he had passed his fifty-fifth birthday. Cowper had turned the half century mark when he wrote "The Task" and "John Gilpin," and De Foe was within two years of sixty when he published "Robinson Crusoe."

Sir Walter Scott was forty-four when his "Waverley" made its appearance, and nearly all those stories which have conferred lasting fame upon him were composed after the age of forty-six.

Milton's mind rose to its highest capacity when the blind poet was between fifty-four and fifty-nine. It was at this period of his existence when he offered to the world "Paradise Lost."

Blushing.  
 A blush is usually thought of as affecting only the face, but it often covers the neck and sometimes spreads along the shoulder blades. In fact, some people blush all over their bodies.

## THE TEDDY BOOK.

(The President's gift of "The Works of Theodore Roosevelt" in nine volumes to the Roosevelt Library in Berlin has been acknowledged by the grateful Germans.)

In Germany, where books are deep, And books are thick and long and many.  
 'Tis only right that they should keep The teddybooks, as well as any.  
 To sate the hungry German mind, Which, like an octopus, hath twined All knowledge in its long antennae.

So German eyes shall peer through spees Seek out each Teddythought and grab it.  
 Until imagination wrecks Its spurs upon the Teddyhabit: Their eager minds shall track each hair Of grizzly trust or grizzly bear.  
 And storm the stronghold of the rabbit.

Nor is this all (for the fate Of Germany my fancy lances). The hand that yields the Stick of State Can use the Pen with willing punches. Suppose his publishers begin Sending full shipments to Berlin Of these rare thoughts that come in bunches!

"The Life of Mrs. Legg, a Story."  
 "My Lectures," "My Remarks," "My Speeches,"  
 "My Youth; or, How I Saved New York."  
 "A Prince of Peace in Tiding Breches,"  
 "In Panama—Not Soon but Yet,"  
 "Mallinson's Falsehoods I Have Met,"  
 "Armed to the Teeth," "What Patriotic Teachers."

Avant, false Kant and Schopenhauer! Farwell, dear Goethe and sweet Schiller!  
 A one-man military power Grinds all your grist, for he's the miller.  
 And even the Mrs. Eddybooks, Must give fair place to Teddybooks, When Germany demands its thriller.  
 —Wallace Irwin in Life.

## Survival of the Fittest.

"You seem to have lost flesh while you were out at the summer resort."  
 "Yes, I had a lame ankle and could not run when the bell was rung for dinner."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Wife and Child.

A man has no right to stone his wife, but he may rock his baby.—Chicago News.

## The Scrap Book

What Puzzled Him.  
 A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday school class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions.  
 "Can I ask?" said a little boy, raising his hand.  
 "Certainly," said the bishop; "what is it?"  
 "Is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under dem?"

LOVE OF COUNTRY.  
 Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land—Whose heart hath never within him burned As home his footsteps he hath turned From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go, mark him well; For him no minstrel raptures swell!"

High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim; Despite those titles, power and pelf, The wretch, concentered all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonored and unsung.  
 —Scott.

The Vain Actor and the Little Bill.  
 Lillian Russell tells the following story about a handsome and vain actor:

"A letter of his was put in another man's box at a club one evening by mistake. The other man opened the letter, saw that it was a note from a tailor demanding instant payment of a bill long overdue, and in dismay sealed it up again neatly and put it in the box of his rightful owner. The rightful owner entered the smoking room that night with the letter in his hand. He ran it through, glanced around complacently, gave his mustache a twist and murmured: "Silly little girl!"

## His Turn to Be Annoyed.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania railroad said, apropos of a false charge against a financial institution:

This charge was more than refuted. The institution came out with flying colors. It reminds me of an incident that happened when I was a rodmán in my youth. Working on the Connelville line, I took a number of meals with a middle aged farmer and his wife. One day at dinner I noticed that the farmer's wife seemed rather out of sorts, and after dinner I wasn't surprised to hear her say: "Josiah Simmonds, to think that you have forgotten that this is the anniversary of our wedding!" Old Josh flushed guiltily, looking up from his paper with a start. Then he said in a surprised voice: "Why, mother, you must be mistaken. We were married on the 8th." The wife bit her lip. "Oh, excuse me," she said. "I was thinking of my first marriage anniversary."

## His Garbage.

The wife of a millionaire recently expressed her preference for fancy dress parties as follows: "It was at one that I first met my husband. He appeared in the garbage of a monk."

## What to Do With Surplus Milk.

A teacher was trying to impress on the young minds the various uses of milk. She wanted some bright genius to tell how the farmer fed the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked this question, "Now, children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that still remains?" One little hand waved frantically. The teacher smiled and said, "Well, James?"  
 "He pours it back into the cow," piped James.—Woman's Home Companion.

## At the Circus.

Zeke and Keturah had been keeping company for nearly a year, but up to date Zeke had not had the courage to propose. The opportunity came, though, one summer afternoon when they were at the circus. After seeing the sights they rested on a bale of hay in an obscure corner of the menagerie tent.  
 "What do you reckon is the most strange thing we seed?" said Keturah.  
 "It's hard ter say, but I know what I'd like ter be now," replied Zeke in a tender voice.  
 "The flying trapeze man?" she ventured.  
 "No, not him."  
 "Mebbe the ringmaster?"  
 "Nor him. You recollect the octopus in the glass tank? Well, I'd like ter be he."  
 "Why?"  
 "Cos he'd nigh unto a hundred arms, an' I'd like ter use 'em all a-buggin' you a hundred times at once and protect you from all sides for the rest of yer life."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Due For a Cussing.

General Wheeler's body was brought to Washington draped in the Confederate flag as well as the stars and stripes, under both of which he had served. While the body lay in state an old Confederate soldier who had fought under General Wheeler in General Early's division heard of the Confederate flag and desired to see his dear old leader in the light of long ago. But on reaching Washington the stars and bars had been removed by order of the president. The veteran looked at the body clad in the blue uniform and, solemnly shaking his head, muttered:  
 "Waal, by gee, gen'ul, when you git on t'other side and Jubal Early catches you in them togs I'm bettin' you'll git the puttiest cussin' that ever cum your way!"—Lippincott's.

## The Poor Squirrel.

An Irishman stood in front of an electric fan which was going at full speed, with no end of a buzz. After a minute or two he scratched his head and said, "Bedad, I wadn't want to be that squirrel!"

## Clearance Sale

## Of All Summer Goods!

We must have room for new Fall goods and have reduced our Summer goods that will clean them up quick. It will pay you to invest now.

## We Ask You to Visit This Store

for prices on White Muslin Suits—Colored Two-piece Suits—Wrappers—Wash Petticoats—Lawn and Dark Skirts—Children's White and Colored Dresses—Muslin Underwear—White Goods—Colored Wash Goods—Gauze Underwear—Hamburg for Corset Covers—Wash Neckwear and Gloves.

All our Muslin and Silk Waists at prices to close. Don't miss this sale.

See Bargain Counter For Remnants.

## Very Special For Saturday.

Six pieces of Dress Flannel in colors of navy blue, green, cardinal, brown and majinty. The price for Saturday only 29c per yard.

Boys' Heavy Hose, only 20 dozen that we sell every day in the year at 25c a pair, all sizes from 6 to 10. Only Saturday, 19c a pair.

## The Vaughan Store

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When you feel tired out, run down and cannot eat, sleep or work well, there is no other remedy we know of that is so certain to restore health and strength as our

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